

The Lares Series

© *C. Murray*

Preamble

Break the glass
that shields morning's flame.
Proceed from your room —

Ferns, once

We awaken in our bodies, again.
Their smooth hurts. Winged, for
the pigeon wakes too, her back
to the City. Mourning dove.

Notes towards an image

Iron ring
copse within.

Leaf // settles
Jewelling | nowhere
her Garnets,
Emeralds.

Side
aches to unclasp
this constriction,
this leakage
of things—

To want to be in the world,
to want to be of the world.
Crown the jewels.
crow Red
all || Mouth

City as frieze.

Pillar

Ravenful,
haven of claw.

Dawn's
fluidsong—
dissipates.

Rise up,
regain

Light —

Dark and down,

My song is more than silhouette.

To bring light,
lightsong,

O

Brightsong,

to soothe my ancient

sing to pierce the breast.

Soft, the softening rain

Sing to pierce the breast—
Sing to pierce the breast,
nighthooks brim to split.

Sing to pierce the night—
Sing to pierce the night
-hooks brim to split.

Dawn's contraction,
slow the opening—
orchis-white a Yellow

toned song to loosen the gum
that holds peony's ample heart.

leaf // Settles

Jewelling | nowhere
her Garnets
tempering | Scarlet
on steel
the Sky —
a Leaf
there
is

Lares

pause—
I am night (dark) afraid
begin now, begun my
mourning for what was—
(*not*) slaked by light's coming
The lares of my house is
twice-lit: dawn's advent,
night's candle.

© C. Murray 2020
Published in dedication to Eavan Boland 1944-2020
Published Indelible Literary Journal.

Online URL: <https://indeliblelit.com/2021/01/05/poetry-lares-series-by-christine-murray-2/>